

## **Strangerbob Thingspants by enorfleet22**

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# Strangerbob Thingspants

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### Chapter 1:

"Plankton, are you sure this will work?"

"Karen, I've told you 1000 times; I've done the calculations and everything is *fine*. As soon as I press this diabolical red button-" Plankton retorted, pointing to a circular red button labeled *Diabolical Red Button: Press in Case of Extreme Measures*, "-we will open a rift in the space-time continuum that leads directly inside Mr. Krab's vault. We will steal the Krabby Patty secret recipe and we will rule the world!"

"Whatever you say, Plankton," Karen acquiesced, rolling her digital eyes.

"Your pessimism isn't helping," Plankton uttered under his breath.  
"What did you say?" Karen fired back.

"Nothing, honey. FIRE!" Plankton jumped as high as he could and slammed his body down on the red button. Given that he is a plankton, it wasn't enough force to push the button. "A little help here, Karen?" As Karen pushed the button, the lights began to flicker in and out. Emergency sirens began to sound and red emergency lights lit up the room. The Earth began to shake.

"Did your calculations predict *this*?" Karen asked as a bright glow of light appeared on the wall opposite the control panel. Within a matter of seconds, it had spread from a small pinprick to a four foot tall vertical seam, blinding Karen and Plankton and illuminating the entire room. A horrid screech began to sound from within the glow as the ground shook even harder. All of a sudden, the screeching stopped and the light disappeared. The sirens and red lights seemed infantile after what just occurred. For a few seconds, Karen and Plankton were silent.

"Plankton, what is that?" Karen questioned, hesitantly pointing

towards the wall where the light had been. What had taken its place appeared to be a fleshy membrane. Black, sinewy fibers lined the material in criss-crossing patterns. Plankton reached out and nervously poked the membrane, jumping back with shock (although nothing really happened).

"I guess this is the way to the krabby patty secret recipe!" Plankton exclaimed as he began to push through the material. After a few seconds of struggling, he managed to tear a hole just big enough to crawl through.

"Plankton, are you alright in there?"

"Yes Karen, I'm fine. Covered in slime and a little..." Suddenly, the hole repaired itself, black fibers flying back and forth like stitches to a wound. Plankton's voice was cut off.

"Plankton! Plankton, can you hear me?" Silence. "Ugh," Karen sighed, "I should've taken out that life insurance policy after all."

## Chapter 2:

"Karen! Karen get me out of here! I want to turn back!" It was pitch black. The metal under Plankton's feet was like ice. Petrified, he stood still and tried to steady his breathing. Silence. Plankton felt around his pockets for his miniature flashlight. He tried to flip the switch but his nervous hands and lack of opposable thumbs caused him to drop the flashlight. It clamored loudly on the metal and rolled out into the darkness. Lowering to his hands and knees, Plankton crawled cautiously in the direction of the flashlight.

It wasn't long before he encountered what could only be vines growing along the metal floor. *Something isn't right*, he thought. At last he reached the flashlight. There were indeed vines growing along the entirety of the floor and walls. He shined the flashlight in all directions and realized that he must be in Mr. Krab's vault. The atmosphere was eerily thick and foggy; each breath felt like molasses. *I bet Mr. Krabs hasn't opened this vault in a decade.*

At the end of the vault directly ahead, Plankton could barely make out a tall and slender figure. *It must be the bottle that holds the recipe!*

Eagerly, Plankton rushed onwards. Just before he reached the bottle, he heard a loud metal screeching and the door to the vault began to open. He turned expecting to see Mr. Krabs ruining his diabolical plan yet again. "You never let me win! I'm always *this* close and you..." a horrid snarl cut him off as a slimy hand reached down and lifted the screaming Plankton off his feet.

### Chapter 3:

"Spongebob! Where in the world is Squidward? He's supposed to be here making me money!" Mr. Krabs was redder than usual. Squidward was running late (47 seconds to be exact).

"Don't worry Mr. Krabs. I'm sure he'll be here any minute now! He probably just got lost," replied Spongebob optimistically.

"Spongebob, how could he get lost? You both live on the same street as the Krusty Krab and you've worked here longer than I can remember! I mean seriously, how long has it been? Nevermind! Go to his house and drag him out of bed if you have to. I want you both back here in 5 or I'm docking your pay for a month, you understand? Now go!"

"Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding dong!" Spongebob hollered while knocking excessively on Squidward's front door. "Squidward! Squidward, we only have 87 seconds to get back to the Krusty Krab before Mr. Krabs docks our pay for a month!" No reply. Spongebob pulled himself up by the rim of Squidward's living room window and peeked in. No Squidward. Looking up, he noticed that Squidward's bedroom window was left ajar.

Eagerly, Spongebob scaled the outer walls and climbed inside the window. He jumped inside and slipped onto his back; the floor was covered in some slippery black liquid. *Ink!* Squidward must be in trouble. As he stood and wringed himself dry of the ink, the lights in the room began to flicker. The alarm clock on the nightstand began to sound as its dial flashed "12:00" in bright red lights. "Squidward...?" Spongebob called out. Unsure what to do, he followed the trail of ink on the floor. It ended abruptly against the wall opposite the bed.

The flickering of the lights grew more and more intense. Spongebob reached out and ran his hand along the wall. The wall began to shake violently. As bits of paint began to chip away, a strange, fleshy material took their place. Within seconds, the slimy portal reached from floor to ceiling. A hideous screech sounded as a dark hand pierced through the wall and seized Spongebob's arm. Realizing that it would grow back, he pulled back towards the window with all the strength he could muster until his arm popped out of its socket. Not hesitating to look back, Spongebob made a dash for the open window and vaulted to the ground below.

#### Chapter 4:

"Mr. Krabs! Mr. Krabs!" Spongebob burst through the double glass doors of the Krusty Krab.

"Spongebob it's been 7 minutes and 46 seconds! What took ye' so long and where the devil is Squidward?"

"Mr. Krabs- I- Squidward's house- the lights- the wall- and the- the-" spurted Spongebob keeled over, trying desperately to regain his breath.

"Mr. Krabs, I went to Squidward's house and he wasn't there and-"

"What do you mean he wasn't there? Where would Squidward go? It's not like he has any friends."

"I climbed into his bedroom window and there was ink and it led to the wall and-"

"Out with it boy!"

"Mr. Krabs I think Squidward was eaten by a monster in his wall!"

Mr. Krabs paused and glanced Spongebob up and down. "Spongebob, what are you talking about?"

"It sounds crazy but I swear, it almost got me too! It ripped my arm off."

"Then why do you still have two arms?"

"I grew it back but I swear-"

"Spongebob, enough of this. It's time to start making krabby patties and MAKING ME MONEY! Squidward or no Squidward, you'll just

have to take orders *and* do the cooking. Now back to work!" Mr. Krabs said sternly, holding out Spongebob's apron in a manner that said there was no room for further discussion.

"Aye, aye, Mr. Krabs," Spongebob replied reluctantly as he donned the apron.

## Chapter 5:

(From the *Bikini Bottom Observer*)

### *Local Cephalopod Missing*

Squidward Tentacles, a resident of Bikini Bottom and cashier at the Krusty Krab, was reported missing yesterday by his neighbor, Spongebob Squarepants. Authorities arrived at Mr. Tentacle's residence at 6:30 pm to no response. Upon searching the premises, they found a trail of ink starting by Mr. Tentacle's bedroom window and ending abruptly at the opposite wall. Mr. Squarepants, who had previously investigated the bedroom, claimed that an 'evil monster from another dimension' lives in the wall and that it is responsible for Mr. Tentacles' disappearance. Authorities could find no evidence of these claims, although they do advise that superstitious residents "keep their distance from all walls or seek therapy" until Mr. Tentacles is found. If anyone has information regarding the whereabouts of Mr. Tentacles, please contact the Bikini Bottom Police Department at (555)-978-6453.

## Chapter 6:

*Ding dong!* "Gary, who could that be? What if it's Squidward?" Spongebob ran eagerly to the door. "Squidward, is that-" Spongebob stopped as he opened the door. "Oh. Uh, hi Karen! I wasn't expecting you."

"Hi Spongebob."

"So... what brings you over here?"

"It's about Plankton."

"Is everything ok?"

"Well, I read what you said in the *Bikini Bottom Observer* and-"

"I swear, there was a monster in the wall and he ate my arm and-"  
"Spongebob! I know, I believe you."

"Oh. You do? Well... yay! Not 'yay' yay because people are missing but yay that-"

"Spongebob, it's ok. I don't have time for nonsense, I think Plankton and Squidward are in real danger."

"Did the wall randomly open up and swallow up Plankton too?"

"Uh... randomly. Yea. Definitely not part of one of Plankton's diabolical plans..." Karen replied in a high pitch tone, her eyes suddenly averting his gaze.

"Well we have to do something! We have to save our friends!"  
Spongebob cheered, bursting out the front door past Karen.

"Spongebob! Where are you going? We don't even have a plan or-"  
Karen sighed. "What did I get myself into?"

## Chapter 7:

"What is it? I'm countin' me money!" Mr. Krabs replied to the angry pounding on his office door.

"Uh, isn't anyone going to take our orders?"

"Yea, we've been waiting for 15 minutes. I'm starving out here!" More frustrated bickering ensued. Mr. Krabs shot up from his desk and burst through the door which clanked loudly against the metal wall. Startled, the line of angry customers went quiet.

"Spongebob! Where the devil are ye? Ya better be back there making krabby patties!" Mr. Krabs slammed open the kitchen door. No Spongebob in sight. There was something on the grill: a note! Mr. Krabs picked it up and began to read aloud, "Mr. Krabs: With Karen. Going to save Squidward and Plankton. May or may not return alive. Love, Spongebob. PS - I took all the kitchen knives because Karen said it would help fight the monster." - What the devil? He stole my knives and skipped work to help my nemesis!" Mr. Krabs was literally smoking out of his ears at this point. "Arrrghhh that blasted sponge is gonna regret the day he stole from Mr. Krabs!"

Furious, Mr. Krabs stormed back into the lobby. "We're closed! Get out before I kick ya out!" Grudgingly but without protest, the line of angry customers receded back outside. Mr. Krabs flipped the sign open sign to closed and locked the double doors. Putting his keys back into his pockets, he turned sharply and made a beeline straight towards the Chum Bucket.

## Chapter 8:

"Karen, I don't know if bringing knives is a good idea. I mean, what if the monster is just misunderstood? Maybe we can talk to it. Maybe we can make friends with it!"

"Spongebob, I admire your optimism but I don't think the thing that ate your arm is interested in talking."

"Normally I wouldn't condone violence - even in self defence - but I guess if it's to save our friends then I'd have no choice!"

"Here, wear this helmet. It's for your own protection." Karen handed Spongebob a metal mop buckets with eye, nose, and mouth holes haphazardly drilled in. "Plankton tried giving these out with kids meals to make the Chum Bucket more of a 'family establishment'. We've got about 1,000 more in the back (which is 1,000 more than we've ever given out anyways)."

"Aye, aye, Captain!"

"Don't call me captain."

"Right. Aye, aye, uh... robot lady!" Karen rolled her digital eyes.

"Alright, I've attached these ropes to this pulley. Tie one around your waist and if anything bad happens, press the red button on this remote control to get reeled back. I can't guarantee that the portal will stay open very long so we need to move quickly. If we get separated, I don't really care what happens to you but you should try not to get eaten. Any questions?"

"Let's do this!" Spongebob cheered eagerly.

"Here goes nothing," Karen said as she lowered her hand towards the diabolical red button. Just before she hit it, a loud bang made them both jump and turn around. Mr. Krabs was standing at the entrance, eyes bloodshot and nostrils flared.



"You think ye can just *waltz* out of work with *my* property, stalling *my* business, losing *me* money!?" Mr. Krabs enunciated every consonant with force.

"Mr. Krabs, I didn't want to miss work but Squidward is in dang-"

"But Squidward is in danger!" Mr. Krabs mocked. "The only one in danger here is *you*!" Mr. Krabs began to shuffle towards Spongebob in the crab-like manner that meant he was in an uncontrollable fit of rage (or he saw a \$20 bill on the ground).

"Mr. Krabs, please, don't do this!" Just before Mr. Krabs reached Spongebob, the concrete on the floor between them burst violently; once, twice, then many times until a large divide had formed in between them. The lights in the room were flashing out of control, but no one seemed to notice. In awestruck fear, they all slowly peered over the edges of the divide and saw that same fleshy material. Their eyes glanced back and forth; no one was sure what to do.

A horrendous screech unlike anything they had heard sounded as the portal burst open. A mucous-like slime burst out in all directions, showering the trio from head to toe. They all darted backwards in separate directions. Spongebob took cover behind an old fryer. Karen retreated behind a large support beam. Mr. Krabs took cover behind an overturned dining table. After managing to wipe the slime from his eyes, Mr. Krabs peeked over the edge of the table. "What the devil-" He was cut off abruptly as two large rows of teeth descended on each side of his head.

"Mr. Krabs!" Horrified and shaking in terror, Spongebob watched as Mr. Krab's torso teetered for a second before falling to the floor at the feet of the monster.